

MERRY MOUNTAIN MAIDS.

Ellen Osborn Describes the Costumes Worn at Mountain Resorts.

Lake Placid, N. Y., July 21.—The Alpenstock of the mountain maid is an article that at first blush you might take for a long-handled tennis racket or a new-fangled carpet beater.

When the guileless Adirondack youth wishes to turn an honest penny, he cuts a sapling of the proper height and thickness to make a good stick, and laces and interlaces its twigs about the upper half in the most intricate patterns. Sometimes the stick is peeled, sometimes the bark is left on. Sometimes ribbons are added for decoration, sometimes the rule is beauty adorned. In any event the result is unique and inspires in the breast of the mountain maid an instant longing to have it as a souvenir. When she adventures at Marcy or Whiteface, a neatly rolled umbrella is quite as apt to be the only apparatus for which she has occasion.

The mountain maid of this season is not as of other years. The multiplication of railways, steamboats on the lakes, in the heart of the Adirondack wilds—has brought in trunks as big as houses, and turned camps into Newport cottages. The train that brought me from New York was packed like a Brooklyn bridge car; people who would have boarded it at Albany were unable to do so, because there was not even standing room in the aisles or vestibules. At Ulster this throng of summer folk turned with one accord toward the Adirondacks, and yesterday I marked one of the results of such an influx in the person of a lady obliged by the breakdown of the usual conveyance to walk the "carry" between two lakes in a dress fitter for Fifth avenue.

Picture to yourself a perfect day. When blue and green are glad together.

Overhead, the dark trees almost shutting out the sky, but not destroying the impending sense of mountains. Behind, the wash of lake waters, in front a narrow track overgrown with moss and uneven with roots intruded upon by blackberry tangle, crossed here and there by mountain streams.

Traversing this forest highway came a delicate, a delicious blue silk dress, cut to lie with the most graceful sweep, about six inches on the ground. The under-skirt of this dainty summery creation was finished with a deep, accordion plaited founce of black lace, above which hung the long, narrow blue silk tunic scalloped at the bottom and edged with a black silk cord laid in fantastic designs. The slightly full bodice, with the same spidery, black decoration, showed a yoke of white satin covered with Renaissance lace applique. Above a mass of fluffy, light hair was perched a big hat of burnt straw piled high with giant roses.

As this figure like a bit of French blouse tripped unceremoniously from rock to rock, holding up its draperies over a fragile white lace petticoat, and followed by a maid carrying a dog and a parasol, nothing more incongruous with the time and place could be imagined. So apparently thought an Adirondack guide as he passed, with the long, loping step that takes a woodsman over the ground at such a wonderful pace, shouldering his huge back basket.

At the larger hotels dinner dress and evening hops are as much the rule as if within a few hundred yards a deer might not be browsing; and yet in spite of these intrusions of civilization, or perhaps because of them, the mountain maid with her morning face is a pleasant spectacle. Whether she elects to climb Whiteface or to go fishing, her course is to the lakeside. Fast the Adirondack guide as he passed, damp with fern and ivy, past Blahop Potter's summer place in interesting proximity, past woods and islands move the boats, and now one is beached at the

opening of the Whiteface trail. There land a guide, a young man in summer tweeds and two girls in short skirts very different from the blue silk lady's. The taller and slighter is wearing the real old-fashioned blue serge, her skirt plainly made with a finish of machine stitching at the bottom, her coat having cherry-colored pique revers spotted with white and her blouse being in cherry-colored linen. Her soft dark blue felt hat has no trimming but an elegant quill. Picking raspberries at the water's edge, she waits for her shorter and plumper mate, who is gathering the weird white stems of "Indian pipe" from among the pine needles. Of a soft gray wool is the second climbing dress, showing as it catches on a bramble or the breeze takes it, a hint of pale blue and white plaid on the reversible underside. The full blouse of narrow thread-like stripes of silky-looking pink and white gingham, is fastened at waist and throat by a stock and wide, crush belt of soft bright red silk, a scarf of the same color decking the grey felt hat. Both girls wear broad-soled, flexible climbing shoes.

"They'll do very well till they get to the slide," says the guide of a fishing party, whose boat, with trolling spoons astern, drifts slowly by. He points as he speaks to the white scar just below the summit that marks the patch of a landslide, up the bare rock worn smooth by whose descent every ascent must be made.

"I've known a girl, though," he adds, "to climb Whiteface twice in a day and dance as lively as anybody in the evening. She was a one, she was! started at 4 o'clock in the morning, got down by 12 and started up again with another party at half after. Five feet tall she was and weighed eighty-four pounds. Takes your little ones to be lively."

There are girls who fish with some seriousness. Over at Lake Meacham they tell a tale of a girl who, with her father and brother, fished the trout streams industriously the last week in June and the first in July, wading with her high rubber boots in the cold water the fish love, wet at times almost to the waist, casting love of dress, everything but love of fish, overboard. When her party left the woods every male member of it shouldered a creel of trout weighing forty pounds, but at the midday halt it was found that all the fish had soured.

But this is not the mountain maid's ordinary mode of fishing. Lying in a boat pulled by a guide, who conscientiously takes her where the fish are not, she trails a trolling line in luxurious idleness, sunning herself and her fetching little frock of blue or white linen. I saw a girl fishing yesterday in a white pique dress scattered with printed rosebuds; on her head was a white lawn sunbonnet tied with ribbons of the color of the flowers. Wholly by accident, that same girl caught a trout nearly as large as the one she carried it by the gills up from the boat landing, past the hotel veranda, womanhood with its few crew of piazza ladies, and around to the kitchen.

The days are not yet come when the mountain maid floats for deer. "Deer-steak," as venison out of season is euphemistically called, is not plenty this summer; but in August, if the contents of various trunks are truth-tellers, some very pretty shooting suits will see daylight. One that has been aired once or twice on woods expeditions has a skirt of soft length of green and brown plaids, a plaided scarf and the inevitable quill. Golf, golf luncheons and golf dances are as plenty in the woods as elsewhere. Girls will play golf when the midges are

A Royal Reception Gown.



DESIGNED FOR AN AMERICAN COUNTESS.

A masterpiece in the world of fashion is a gown recently said to have been designed for the Countess de Castellane. It is of white tulle embroidered in gold thread in the form of Bourdois, made over white satin. The skirt of tulle is not hemmed, but finished in scallops, which set out upon the satin foundation with marvelous effect.

The bodice is shirred over a foundation of satin and trimmed with a bolero effect, which is draped across the bust and fastened in a point under the full of 'sleeve' which finishes the low cut neck. Diamond stars are fastened at frequent intervals around the neck and a collar of the same stones encircles the throat.

Helen Grey-Page.

so thick that the links ought to be punctuated with smudge fires. But the girl who does not go to bed, does not sleep, does not do anything active, is more in evidence than in other seasons. She says she has come to the woods to "rest," but the truth is she would much prefer to do all the things done by other girls, but thinks that her best opportunity lies in cultivating the decorative. Until within a year or two the Adirondacks have been the one Eastern resort where men are more numerous than women. Of late women have rushed in to restore the balance, though men are still a full half probably. The athletic girl, however, has been the rule, and she comes in the chance of the girl who does not wear tweeds and golf clothes, and who is never caught looking bedraggled, weary and overheated.

The girl who is "resting" does not sail forth with the young man on his morning expedition, but when the fish have refused to bite or he has lost the tail up the mountain and come back weary and disgusted she is lying in a hammock in a flimsy puff of a dress, or she brings him cool drink, looking cool and at ease with all the world, herself in a snowy white linen.

Linen is a favorite material with these non-athletic girls, sheer, semi-transparent white linen; an excellent example now before me having the plain shirt buttoned all the way down the front with large covered buttons, while the blouse has pretty tabs frilled with Valenciennes and a small waistcoat of white muslin. The collar is kept clear of the white linen by a Windsor tie of pale pink, green and white plaid, the narrow waist band matching. The hat belonging with this dress is an open work, basket straw trimmed with roses.

Sometimes the girl who rests strolls to the lakeside arrayed in white embroidered Swiss muslin. This perhaps she will drape as a tunic over tucked, clear white muslin, adding pale blue or pale green touches at throat and waist and a picturesque hat garlanded with green leaves. So attired she will appear a very dainty wood nymph to a weary home-comer.

If a cool day comes or there is mist about the mountain tops, still the girl who rests is to the fore. A soft, white serge dress had its hour this morning; its undershirt attached with lotus-green silk, its white tunic scalloped and piped with green. The soft gracefully draped bodice had vest and sleeves of green silk covered in white guipure, the lace being carried up to the throat, where it was kept from the face by a fold of green chiffon. The hat of white lace straw was wreathed with green and white tulle, a giant rose raising the brim at one side, a huge black rosette directly in front adding a touch of richness.

Green and white are the pet colors of the girl who rests, and cheerily the woods are under a certain debt to her. Ellen Osborn.

SUMMER RESORTS DON'TS.

Don't be constantly nagging at the children about the house or their noise, as many fussy people are apt to do. Remember you were a child yourself once.

Don't make sudden intimacies. We prize most that which is most dearly bought. Your friendship will be considered all the more desirable if it is a little difficult to attain.

Don't wear a great deal of jewelry constantly unless you want to attract thieves.

Summer resorts are favorite fields for the light-fingered gentry, and they spot their victims from observation.

Don't be daring in your conduct and do little unconventional things you wouldn't think of doing any other time because "I am not at home and nobody knows me." No woman can be too particular.

Don't, if you have been at a place for some time and are quite at home, be too "grand and ornate" with a recently arrived guest who is not acquainted. No need to go too far, but one can at least be courteous and pleasant.

Don't boast of your family, connections, possessions, attainments, etc. If your bling is without foundation you cut a sorry figure, and if you have cause for your pride, all the more reason for letting people find it out for themselves.

Don't, if you are married, have little matrimonial squabbles in public. If you must have them they should be reserved for your own rooms. In a summer hotel these trifling differences are sure to be magnified and distorted far beyond their real importance.

Don't exhaust the possibilities of your wardrobe the first week by wearing one gown after another without wearing any twice. There may be a special occasion when you will want something new and startling, when you will not have it. If you are wise you will keep a gown or two in reserve for such emergencies.

"FOR WHOM THE LORD LOVETH, HE CHASTENETH."

(Thoughts suggested by the very recent flood.)

Oh, God of mercy, God of love! We mourn at Thy ways: Thy Son who came from heaven above, To whom we owe all praise, Was sent by Thee, a world to save, Lost by Thy children's sin; To fulfill the law His life He gave, On earth there might begin A redemption free, of the souls of all Whose faith was fixed in Him.

Oh, God of justice, God of might! We tremble at Thy ways: When the gloomy blackness of the night Makes dark our brightest days; When floods and pestilence o'erspread All this, our glorious land, And a nation stands with bowed head At Thy uplifted hand.

But when to Thy holy word we go, To find a solace there, Thy best beloved on earth below We learn Thou dost not spare. So God of mercy, God of love, Of justice and of might, Teach us to look to Thee above, When all seems dark at night. —Guy Hittner Davis.

Potato Balls.

Warm in a double boiler two cups of mashed potatoes and stir into this two teaspoonsful of butter and the beaten yolk of two eggs. Add enough milk to make the paste of the right consistency to handle easily. With lightly-floured hands form into balls and set aside to cool. When cold, dip in beaten egg and roll in cracker dust. Set in the ice box for several hours longer and fry in deep fat.

Like everybody else the sea waves arrive at the shore in great style, but they go away broke.

TWO NEW COIFFURES.

English Women of Fashion Are Simplifying Their Headdress. Here are two new styles in evening coiffures as they are worn by French and English women. In the first the hair is brushed back from the face in a pompadour and finished in a soft, loose knot at the crown of the head. Tortoise and jeweled ornaments are used to make the coiffure effective.



THE ENGLISH COIFFURE.

The French headress depends upon its complicated arrangement for its beauty.



VERY FASHIONABLE IN FRANCE.

The lower portion resembles in effect the popular figure eight twist, while the upper part is a clever combination of the Psyche and puff arrangement.

THE COLUMBIA YACHTING COSTUME.

The pure white gown of duck or pique has so long been the beau ideal of the yachting girl that it is difficult to imagine her attired in any other costume; but she has originated a new design, and a stunning one it is.

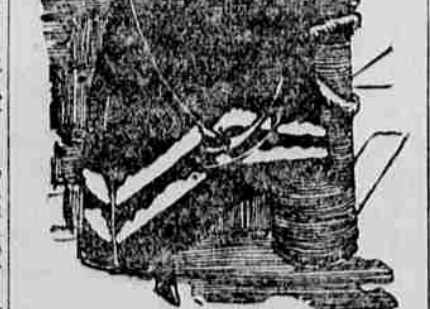
It is known as the Columbia and is developed in lamp black duck—an expensive material—applied with bands of white linen braid and embroidery. These are smoothly over the hips with two box plaits at the back underfolding the fullness.

The jacket is short and finished below the waist line in ripples which are cut in the seams. Wide lapels turn over a shirt waist of white linen. These are trimmed with bands of embroidery which extend around the ripples also. A white

leather belt confines the waist and the only means of fastening the jacket is by two broad straps of white braid which are tied in a four-in-hand knot at the bust line.

Another extremely pretty accessory to the outfit is a small, square, white, wide-brimmed hat, trimmed with a very long quill which stands aggressively upright.

While there are no positively new materials since my last writing you, there are new things to be worn with summer dresses; such, for instance, as the sole, already described, made out of the same material as the shirt waist. This is extremely pretty.



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SOCIAL DUTY.

The door-bell rings. The portal swings. My lady comes a-calling. In velvet dressed, Her veil close pressed; The formal talks appalling.

The style, the day, The church, the play—Whatever line she fancies. Her minutes pass; She says, "Alas, Time flies!" and off she dances.

No real word said From heart or head. No thought, to live in beauty: Her list she checks—What name's the next? She's doing social duty.

—Lydia A. Conley-Ward in Woman's Home Companion.

THE FEMINE OBSERVER.

Perspiration still appears to have the grip on us.

The girl who is considered "plump" by her sweetheart is generally referred to as "fat" after marriage.

In polite circles "peninsula" is used as a substitute for "rubber," because it like-wise means a neck stretching to sea.

No, Maude dear, because a young owl is called an owl that's no reason why a young bull should be called a bull.

"Sir!" exclaimed the fair maid indignantly as Wittmore kissed her hand, "this is entirely out of place." "I thought so myself," returned the young man apologetically, "but I really hadn't the nerve to attempt the first one on your lips!"

Dinner Menu. Chicken Gumbo. Baked Redfish. Tomato Sauce. Fricassee of Mutton, with Baked Dumplings. Cauliflower, with Drawn Butter. Cantaloupe Salad. Baked Custard.

BEAUTIFUL OUTING DRESSES.

Gowns that Are for Newport—Miss Julia Grant's Trousseau.

(Written for The Post.)

Paris, July 13.—They do things better in the old world! In summer there is a softer, cooler regard for the sun, a way of dressing that, while fashionable, is comfortable, a certain nattiness—to use an Americanism—which seems lacking elsewhere. Yet, even while writing the words, visions of the loveliness of Newport arise and blot them out!

I have in mind a certain frock of the simplest goods, a dotted chaille, I think, or possibly a thicker grade of mull with tiny silk figures in it. It is literally a daisy dress, designed for a dear friend of the Countess de Castellane, who is to visit the countless this summer at her wonderful villa to which all Paris seeks an invitation. This dotted dress which is for feeding the ducks and doing the homely garden maid tasks which the French think it so smart to copy for a few months in the summer, is lined with a thin wash silk of the same color, and the white waist is of the same velvet. Certainly a very neat dress for the country maid.

A very coarse founce of lace is set upon a belt of arbutus pink velvet; and at the neck, there is a small bow stock of the same velvet. Certainly a very neat dress for the country maid.

The plainness of the shirt waist is much relieved by the stock with stole ends, which is become more popular. The most becoming of these are of wide white lawn, double and stitched along the entire outside edge, even the points being stitched. The lawn is tied in a bow with short loops, leaving ends that hang to the waist line. This same becoming stole is made from lawn of all colors and, as it can be laundered, is deservedly a popular feature of the summer wardrobe. In making this style care should be taken to narrow the neck strip to a width of not over two inches; the ends are four or five inches wide.

The new collar has ends that pass each other and button on their respective buttons which are set at each side of the neck, instead of fastening with one button in the front. A rather elaborate button hole system is required by this fashion, but the result is a stiff, strong standing collar that is becoming to the neck and chin.

Pale green is the color selected by the mountain climber. An Alpine hunter, bent upon securing game for the decoration of her rooms, wore upon her quest a skirt that came squarely to the shoe tops. It was heavily faced with the same cloth of which it was made. The narrowest black braid was the simple trimming of the skirt, and the jacket was an Eton, long enough to hide the belt.

This jacket was cut in the new double-breasted style, with points overlapping across the front, and was finished with lapels that were faced with heavy deep green cloth.

The Rough Rider, or cowboy, or as they call it here, "the Bernhardt," is worn pulled down over the eyes and trimmed with a very long quill which stands aggressively upright.

While there are no positively new materials since my last writing you, there are new things to be worn with summer dresses; such, for instance, as the sole, already described, made out of the same material as the shirt waist. This is extremely pretty.

There is also the sunbonnet, which is this season a reality. Over a dozen of these have been sent to Newport for the summer season, to match the outing dresses. The sunbonnet is intended more for the garden game, for tennis, for the little walk, than for the sober games of golf and water sports. The bonnet has a big soft crown set high upon the Mother Goose pattern, making a peak at the top. It also has a double frill around the face, though the head piece sets close around the forehead.

Another extremely pretty accessory to

the summer gown is the handkerchief which can be purchased in all the patterns that look like cotton, but is very durable and comes in all the colors for yokes, for collars, for cuffs, for setting in the sleeves of the dressings and can be utilized in many ways, even to hat trimmings. The quality of shirtings will be better than ever. There would seem to be no more to be said as to the goods as they are transported. The transparent goods of this year, not the X-ray patterns of the previous year, but are fine, sheer goods that the lining like a haze.

White shirt waists now display the derwaist in very old-fashioned style still becomingly. Many of Miss Grant's trousseau dresses which are made in Paris are so thin as to be the most elegant corset cover. These waists have a corset cover made for it. The cover or undergarment of Mechlin lace as fine as a cobweb, waist itself is "pineapple" net, so that it is a mere web.

Shirt waists are of all colors, white, white, a great wave of popularity has fallen the all-white waist and the whole summer wardrobe with it. The white shirt waist, in white wash silk, in white muslin and lace, in the cheaper white muslin and in all the grades of pique from the most delicate to the most substantial, to light. One of the most elegant tailoring establishments advised the wearing of three dozen white waists, fabrics to be worn with many skirts. So many skirts are required that the couturiers have graciously plucked and to put it on the band, it will be found ready to wear. It will be purchased in the shops, and women of fashion purchasing a dress or skirt to be quickly made at home by a seamstress who can make six or eight a day. There is only one way to get a back and a band—no binding, no anxiety about the hanging.

Notwithstanding the rage for all American, there is a tremendous amount of exporting being done. Prosperity in the United States has brought prosperity season to Paris. The town of Miss Grant is the most talked of thing in Paris just now; and the which the prince has sent to a Paris jeweler is the gossip of the American.

It is for a tiara of pearls and diamonds such a wonderful thing as was seen in the Couture family before. Miss Grant, it is rumored, is to bring a mense dowry to her prince. Surely he not have to buy silk dresses for many a day to come, for the trousseau that has been placed with one alone includes twelve beautiful silk all tight fitting, with sheer daintily elaborately trimmed bodices, many with the tulle. They are in all the latest new shades, with three of the oves, namely, a navy blue, an olive and an old-fashioned pearl gray.

Cures for Insomnia.

In the matter of inducing sleep depends upon the individual. One will find a hearty meal before bed conducive to sleep, while another that an empty stomach is the best order to obtain sleep. A cold bath, being the hands in cold water, a wet applied to the temples are all helpful to a good night's rest. Some persons that the only way to insure sleep is to put a mind upon some real or fancied while others think that to count one onward endlessly will weary the so that sleep will come.



SIMPLE FROCK OF DOTTED CHAILLE.